

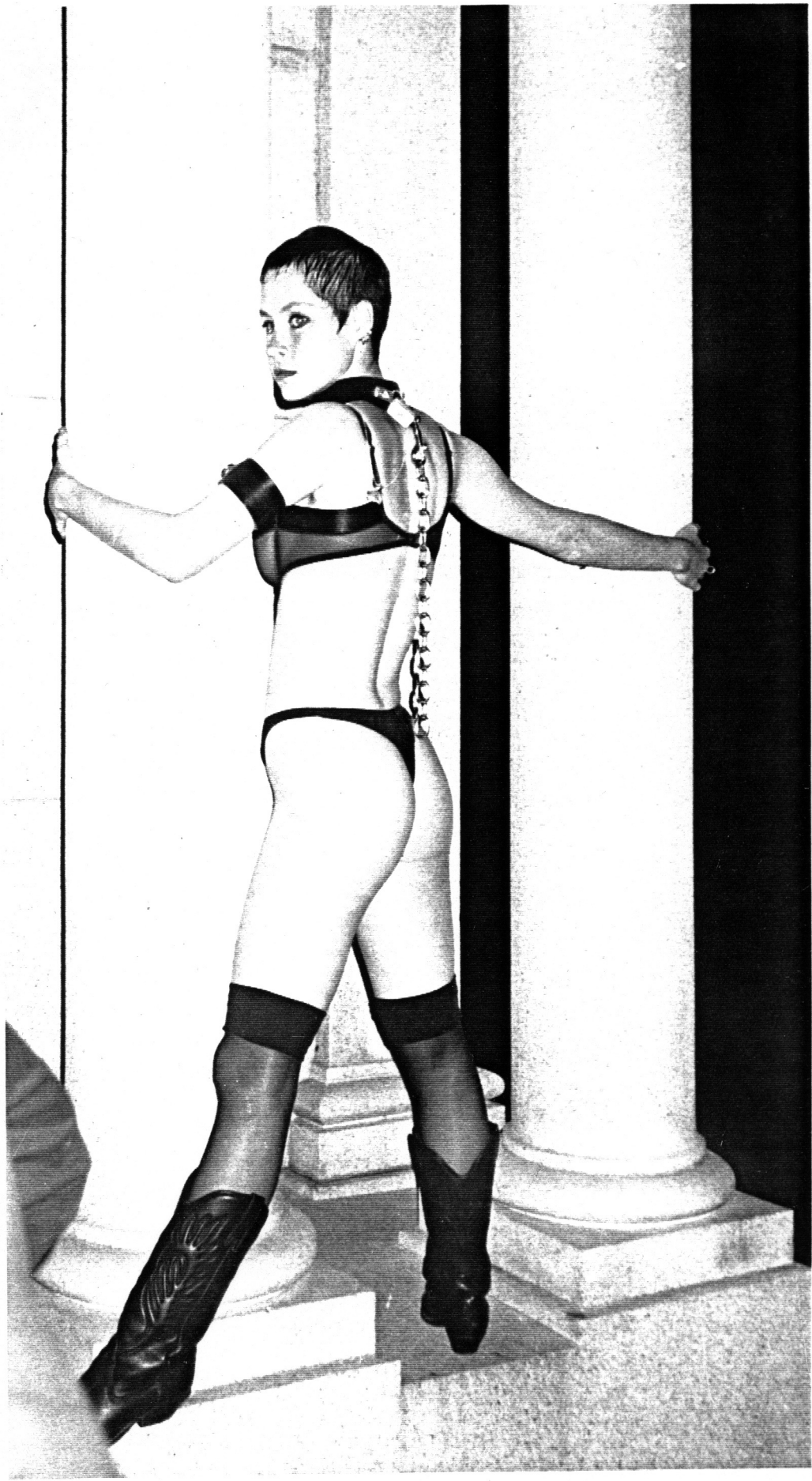
CVLTTRIX

Fall 1991

Lesbian Erotica

Issue #1

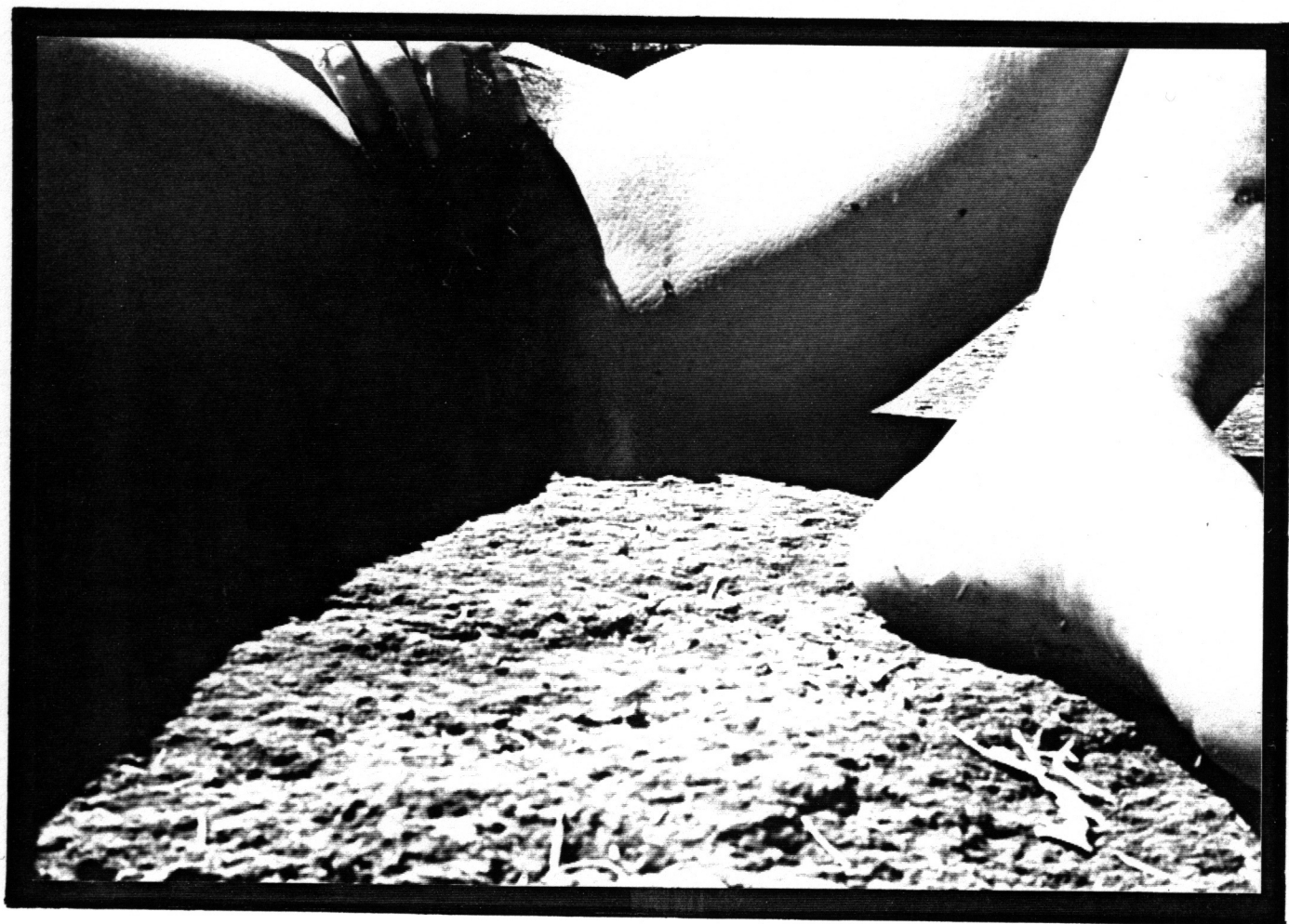
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CULTRIX

* CULTRIX~icis, fem. [COLO+-TRIX] Latin. 1. A female inhabitant; (esp. of goddesses associated with a locality). 2. A female worshipper; a female adherent or devotee (of a person, etc.). 3. She who follows (a certain type of conduct); she who promotes (a cause or interest).

Photograph: S.G. Bazile



* CULTRIX is an independent lesbian magazine dedicated to publishing all forms of dyke erotica without censoring ourselves. We believe all art created by dykes is valid and deserves visibility within the lesbian community. At the same time, we are committed to questioning the concept and definition of dyke porn/erotica, and its limits and meanings for us as lesbians. CULTRIX hopes to provide a place for lesbian erotic art as well as an open forum for the discussion of that art. We always solicit our readers' opinions and are continually accepting submissions of written, drawn, photographed or otherwise created erotica.



© CULTRIX 1991

let me
lay you across
this your bed

woman
let go
of your body
underneath my own
moving
hips across your own
lips within my own
hard little
desires



Photograph: Jessica Tanzer

let me
let you down
slowly but oh
so hard

Krizllyn

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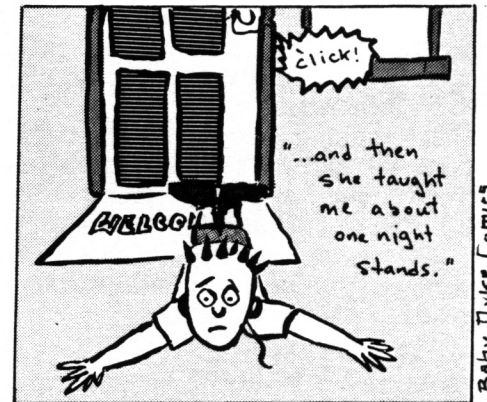
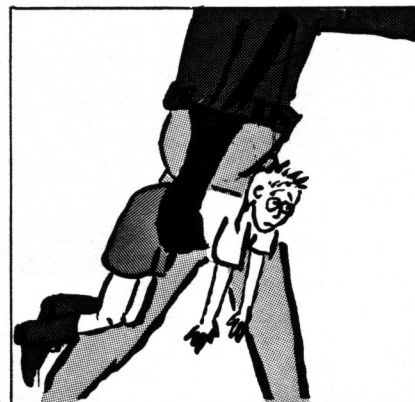
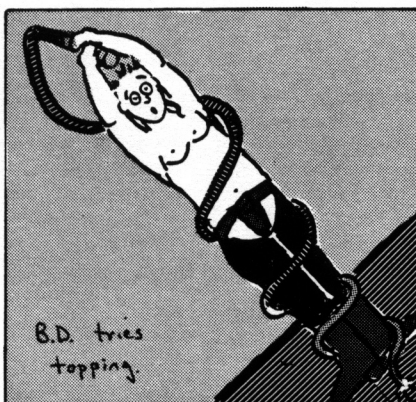
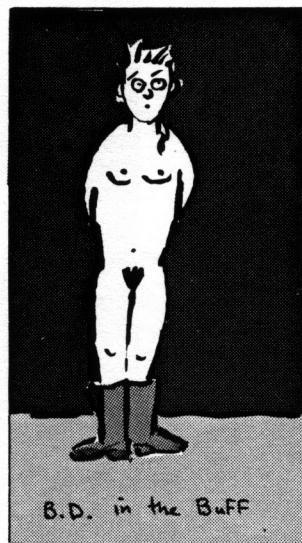
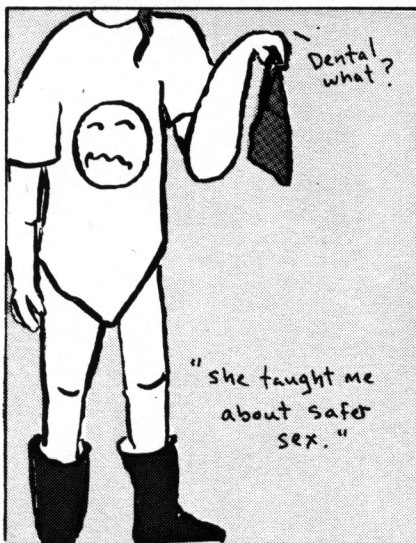
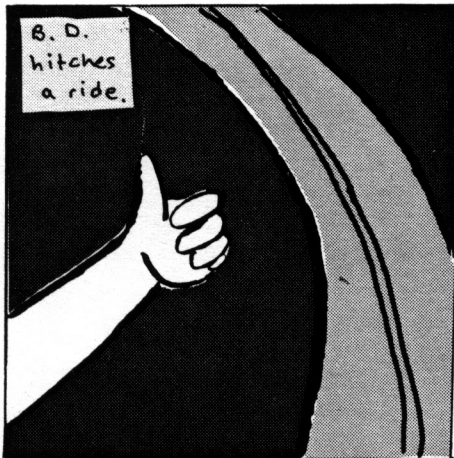


The Adventures of Baby Dyke™



TERRY SAPP ©1991

Baby Dyke Comics



TERRY SAPP ©1991

Baby Dyke Comics

S

he walked into the meeting room expecting to see the familiar posters and coffee machines but not the sea of black leather that assaulted her nose and eyes. Slowing down, she searched the room for proper placement. Position was everything. After seating herself, she inspected the crowd. Mostly butches. Not that she had anything against butches...some of her best friends and all that..she enjoyed looking at them, but it was the femmy punks that she lusted after. For her part, her fem side had been developed only a few years earlier, after politically correct attempts at androgyny. The fact was, she'd never be androgynous. Her breasts were too large (and luscious some said); her face too typically female. Finally she quit trying to look like a young boy and accepted the fact that she was a woman. SM helped. It was with the SM dykes that she got permission to be whoever she was. Or at least she took it as permission. She also developed her sado-masochistic tendencies at that time. Funny how it worked.

Experiencing the female gaze, she became aware of a figure in front of her. A hand thrust out. "What's your name?"

"Jules," She replied. "And yours?"

"Catherine." The voice answered far too quietly for the noisy room.

"Nice to meet you, Cath."

"No, Catherine." She then turned to talk with a hunk of a leather guy.

Great, Jules thought to herself, I couldn't even get her name right. Guess I've blown that.

The meeting began and she couldn't help stare down Catherine's way. She was small, well-shaped and had a voice that reached inside and stomped on Jules' G-spot. She was young, or at least looked it. It all added up to Jules' type. Sometimes it was successful and other times...well, other times were other times.

Jules had hoped that her well-honed instincts for flirtation hadn't gotten rusty during the intervening years of monogamous relationships. She thought she felt something, but she kept doubting herself. She would look in Catherine's direction when another was speaking, trying to catch her eye, but there was no indication coming from Catherine.

I'm making this up, she thought. I just want a scene so badly that I'm hallucinating. So she forced herself to put her lascivious thoughts aside and tried to pay attention to the topic.

As she was leaving, nodding hello to those who acknowledged her, she felt a tap on her back. She turned to see her wrist being cuffed.

"Hey, what is this?" She started to say.

A finger rose to her lips. "Shhh. It'll be okay," came the voice that sounded like velvet stretched over glass.

And even though it went against all her top

Photograph: Susan Forrest



✦ Jules was out of control
and wanting this little



A Meeting

by Debra Miller

wanting to get fucked
girl/woman to do it. *

instincts, she gave in to it, letting herself be led out of the meeting by a being some six inches shorter and 15 years younger.

"But where are we going?"

"Shhh, trust me."

Oh no, she thought, now I'm in trouble. But she did trust her, and as they walked up Market Street, she could see she was being led to a motorcycle. Catherine attached the other cuff to the seat, got on, and indicated for Jules to follow.

Catherine pulled out into traffic and Jules jerked forward, her face hovering over Catherine's neck. She smelled Catherine's scent mixed with the cold San Francisco air and a jolt of electricity shot through her. Smells were always important to Jules; they were a forecast of whether good sex would follow. She became aware that she was squirming on the seat trying to rub her clit against the back of Catherine's jeans.

"Hey. What's going on back there?"

Jules froze for a moment, then continued with her movement. She didn't feel she needed to explain; after all, she was the one being kidnapped.

They arrived at their apparent destination: an alley somewhere off Folsom Street. Jules hadn't noticed where they were, her mind was other places. For some reason she wasn't scared, although she might as well be. This was a woman she met only an hour ago, who gave only her first name and nothing else. Still she listened to her gut and her gut told her it was o.k.

Catherine led her to a warehouse-type building. With her left hand she removed her keys, with her right, she pulled Jules to her and gave her a long, soft kiss. Then she pushed Jules' head to the side and trailed her tongue down her neck, stopping to suck long and hard.

Ah, Jules thought, leaving your first mark early.

They entered a large room that had been permanently partitioned off from the rest of the space. It was really a very large studio with everything in one room, but the ceilings were high, with a sleeping loft built in at the far end.

Catherine led Jules up the stairs to the loft, turning on a tape as they went. Against the wall of the loft hung every necessary item of pleasure and torture. Jules sighed. A large rope bed leaned up the back wall. Catherine stopped in front of it. Again she pressed her mouth to Jules'. Tongues pushed and probed, sucked and tickled. Catherine's hands held Jules' head still, making clear who was in charge. Catherine started to remove Jules' clothes, then gestured for her to finish, while she took her own clothes off to reveal a black leather bustiere, g-string and boots.

Simple, but elegant, Jules noted to herself. Who would have thought all that was underneath a Patsy Cline t-shirt?

Catherine helped Jules into a leather harness that would protect her neck, spine and kidneys from a heavy beating while holding her in one place. Cinching the straps tight, Catherine noticed all of Jules' piercings: double nipple, two inner labia, and one clitoral hood.

"Nice," She whispered, "Very useful for the

(Con't from P. 7)

titilator."

How can a woman say so little and get me so hot, thought Jules. Let's get on with it!

"Slow down, baby," Catherine said, as if reading her thoughts. She turned Jules around, locking her wrists and ankles spread eagle against the rope bed. Jules could breathe and stand up without any effort.

The first stroke of the whip always came as a surprise to her, then like the sex-pig she was, she wanted more. Catherine's small stature belied her strength and stamina. The whipping continued for an hour, with Catherine changing whips and strokes at her whim. After she was thoroughly warmed up, Jules was turned around so that Catherine could begin work on her nipples. She placed the clamps on one of the rings and then the other nipple slowly adding the weights. Then she lit a candle to inspect her handiwork.

"Oops," She laughed, as a drop landed on Jules' nipple. "Well, now that I've started..." And soon Jules was covered with wax.

Suddenly Catherine stopped and kissed her once again softly but with a searing violence pent up underneath.

"I've been so nice to you, pretty stranger, and I'm not usually this nice. But I guess you could call me the welcome wagon. Now I'm going to fuck you."

Catherine pulled the weights off and then the clamps. Jules screamed although most of it caught in her throat. As she returned to earth, she saw that Catherine had been busy: sticking out from her small snatch was a cock, cased and lubed. Catherine unchained her and led her to a large bed covered with black sheets.

"Turn over, stranger, stick your ass high in the air. You know, haughty, like you."

Jules did so, because, well, she wanted it. She wanted it when she first saw Catherine's pouty mouth and now several hours later she wanted it more. Catherine fucked her slowly at first, reaching around to feel the hardness of her clit, playing with her rings, then she stepped up the pace. Jules was gone, out of control wanting to get fucked and wanting this little girl/woman to do it. She came before she knew it, almost pissed off that she did.

"That's okay baby," cooed Catherine, "there's lots more where that came from."

Then she turned Jules over and fucked her again, only this time it was for herself.

As they lay together, Catherine expressed her disappointment that it was so late and that she didn't get the chance to hook up her favorite electric toys.

Jules smiled.

"What?" asked Catherine.

"I'm visiting for a week."

"Oh," said Catherine, "Good." *

CVLTRIX



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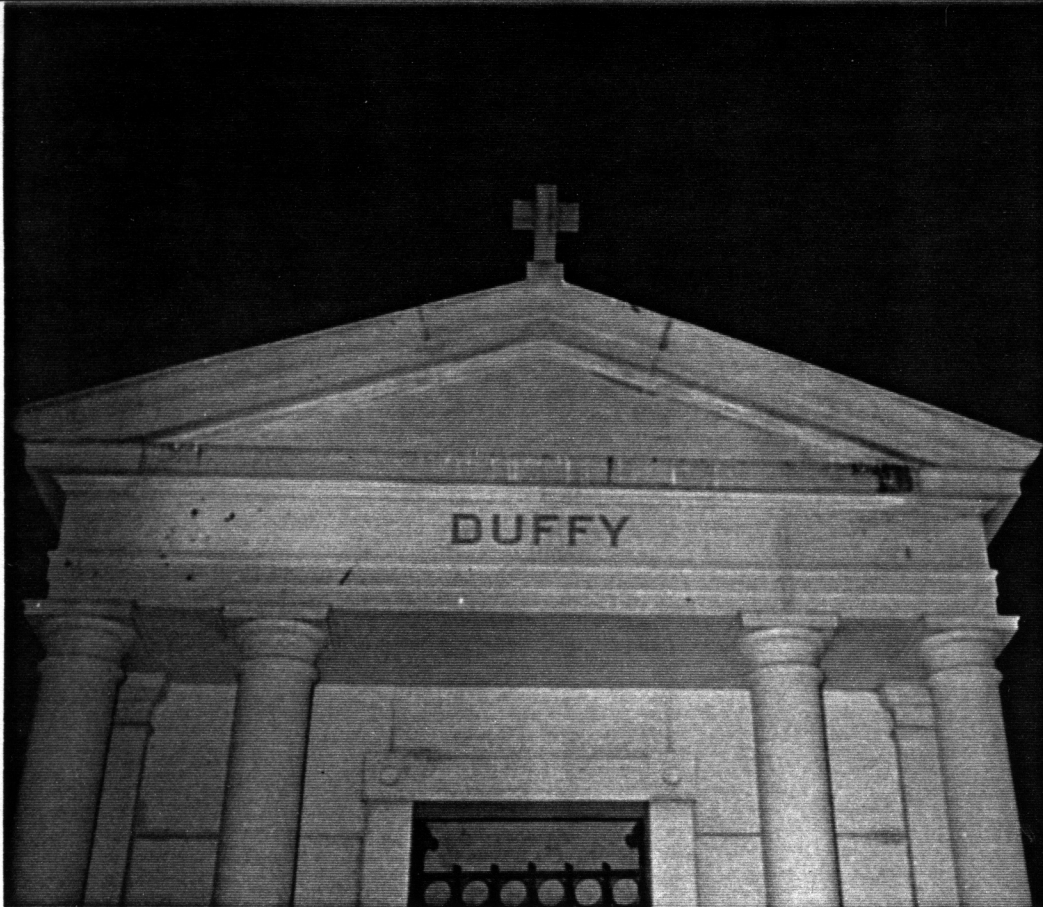
For Rochelle

Cover photograph:
K. Hamilton





Girls Play in the Graveyard



She often took me to the graveyard to play near the family crypt. And when I asked her why, she always quoted Pauline Reage: 'To be killed by someone you love strikes me as the epitome of ecstasy.'





Photography by K. Hamilton & J. Peer

" The idea of suppressing pornography is utterly scandalous; let the people read whatever they want, no matter how base or vulgar. They aren't the ones who go out and commit crimes, any more than people who read Sade go out and build concentration camps. No, the people who build concentration camps don't read Sade. In fact, they probably don't read at all." Pauline Reage, author of Story of O



Photograph: Jessica Tanze

What is porn? What is erotica? What is dyke porn and what do we want it to be? We want to know how images and words affect you. What do dykes want to see and read? Write it down and send it to us. CULTRIX wants to know.



I want **you** on this blue burgundy red ochre rug, your body spread out under me, the flames' heat warming you, incense in your head, music behind your eyelids. I want you to hear my yearning in your soul and come to me. I want my wanting to grow so giant to go outside on its own and bring you to me. I want to put my desire in your **mouth**, piece by everlasting piece, fill you up with my craving. Your body my only reality, panting for my **hunger**, begging to bleed in my mouth. Overflow me with your life, force your sacrifice into me the only bliss known or real. My soul screams in the night: she is she is she is your **priestess**, your flesh, your spirit guide. She wants your blood as even you don't. Anything but she is unreal, illusory lies. Your flesh is begging again its bondage, missing its **dominatrix**, its madame, teacher,

wife, consort in passion. I want to fill you with drugs from my **body**, my mind, that forces visions upon you, the dreams I see in the night: luna, an open window, my soul rising above yours, my body inside yours, my spirit diving down onto our bed, becoming one with you again, crashing into your being. Your flesh negating all but the intensity, the **pain** of our love, immortal, stronger than ourselves, **hungry** for sex-sweet hot lovers' blood. Tested by faith, fueled by desire, named by truth. You are She. I have rebelled miserably but will give all, will sacrifice very physical being to your **desire** for your forgiveness, your **life**, your love. Lay me down and take me hard. Your only true lover. Your life's double. Your soul's breath your breathing. It is I. Take me back, make me new and **bleed**.

by E. Zbytniewski . for Bella

Indignation: A vision



When I come into the house I'm rank. The sweat of the horse and the sweat of my self and the musk of wet leather stay with me across the corral, across the main road, and across the threshold of my front door.

She is on the floor, in white linen, picking up pieces of shattered glass. A picture framed photo of us: me in top hat, tails and a smug look; she in pink chiffon with french braids and coral lips. She is now on my floor, picking up glass shards and bleeding.

I love how that droplet wells up on her fingertip. A thin sharp sliver it must have been. I relish how she dabs at it with her tongue, then purses her lips around the wound. Her cheeks indent just a slight as she draws blood into her mouth.

A trickle runs down not only my forehead but my thigh as well. I cannot believe she broke the glass to that photo. Our photograph. She looks up at me with weepy eyes. Emerald weepy eyes. My dark glare sends back the following message:

Bend over, I'm pissed.

When I enter my house I expect the bath drawn, my supper nearly ready and the bed made. I expect her to be pantiless under her apron so that when I finish my meal I may take her to my bed, pull on my harness and commence to get dirty all over again. Yet here she is on the floor with blood and glass and no thought in her mind at all. It is time for me to administer punishment.

The flash of my knife takes care of her linen shirt. The crash of my hand against her cheekbone reduces her to a prone position on the wood floor with all that glass in between. The thump of my riding boot against her back ensures that blood is now weaving along the floorboards.

Her gasping, ragged voice pleads, "Forgive me, forgive me, forgive for give for give me your soul, Countess, forgive me."

Her breasts, milkwhite, freed from her blouse, are stained with delicate red droplets. I pull the shards of glass out and trace pictures in blood on her firm belly.

I am rank and I am hungry. *

Illustration: Terry Sapp



by K Jordan

The Handful

by Andrea Buren

Photograph: Diana Coopersmith



I wanted to ravish her, to fuck her, to make love to her, slowly and then fast, hard and then soft.

"Anne Sommers, please."

"Just a moment," was the reply - a minute passed.

"You sound awfully official," said Anne. I hadn't recognized her voice.

"Sorry, I didn't know it was you. Am I returning your call so you can tell me you can't make it this evening?" I tried to sound flippant, but instantly I knew I would be disappointed if that were the case.

"No, not at all." I breathed a sigh of relief. "I was wondering if you would be changed and ready to

go out when you pick me up this evening... I'm feeling, well, sort of, you know..." Her voice trailed off.

I had been thinking about Anne all day. We had known each other for over a year and were good friends. I had always been attracted to her, and after much persuasion we finally hit the sack. Since that time we had seen each other two or three times a week. It was a very comfortable affair; I never stayed around long enough for Anne to get tired of me, which of course worked well for both of us.

This particular day, however,

was different. It seemed our sex life was getting better. Wild would be another word for it, actually. Anne was a lot more comfortable to be with sexually than my ex-lover. I didn't have to impress Anne, I could be myself. She was also my age - that was new and there was a sexual energy I felt with her that was different than I had ever felt before. It was obvious, I was in lust.

The "no strings attached" cliché seemed to be working well and I found myself caring about someone in a most unusual way. However, I digress. She was feeling horny. My eyes lit up. I started to immediately get excited. She needed to be fucked and I was the chosen one.

"I'll be there." I could barely get the words out.

I was sober and I felt foolish standing there in a shirt and nothing else on. Why did I go to all the trouble of getting dressed up if as soon as we arrived at her house I took my clothes off? I needn't have worried. Anne came over to me in a black slip.

"God she's sexy," I thought.

Minutes later I was on top of her on the bed. She smelt wonderful. Her perfumed skin was acting like an aphrodisiac; I breathed in her scent and immediately felt a rush of desire. I buried my face in her huge breasts and started to feel her warmth spread over my body like a blanket of hot air.

She moved beneath me and I felt my body and soul yearn for her touch. I took hold of her foot and caressed it. Sucking her toes one by one and running my teeth across the sole of her foot, she moaned and writhed and I could see her breasts rise and fall with each lengthening breath.

I caressed her body slowly - this was a lesson in self-control. I wanted to ravish her, to fuck her, to make love to her slowly and then fast, hard and then soft. I wanted to do all these things now, right now, all at once. But I also wanted to take my time, to

lengthen the time I was with her, to make this session the best yet. For all I knew, this may always be the last time with Anne. She was a loner and I was just passing through.

I looked down at her on the bed and couldn't stand it. My hand went out and cupped her breast and my tongue started to trace a wet pattern up the inside of her legs towards her glistening pussy. My tongue touched her lips and my mouth clamped eagerly over her clit.

She let out a moan and I knew I had her. No changing minds, no demonstrations of protest...I had her.

She needed to be fucked and I was the chosen one.

My tongue went as deep inside her as possible. I wished for a longer tongue. My right hand explored her flesh, my fingers aching to be inside her. I wanted desperately to satisfy Anne as I licked her treasure passionately.

Suddenly I stopped and raised up. She looked at me questioningly and her body reached out for me. Never taking my eyes off her I grasped the lube tube from the shelf and handed it to her.

"Do the honors," I said curtly, holding the lube out in my right hand. She took it from me and put a drop of it in my hand and began to massage my fingers with it.

"All of my hand," I said, thinking, "This baby is in for one hell of a ride."

Rubbing my well-lubed hand over her clit and the entrance to her vagina, her body started to move in answer to my probings. I put two fingers inside her and began to fuck her gently in perfect time to the rhythmic thrusts of her hips, teasing her by withdrawing but still massaging her clit with my other hand.

"I want more," She cried, "I want you to fuck me harder."

I slowly withdrew my fingers and added a third, gently pushing it in. She moaned loudly and



thrust herself hard against my hand. I added another finger and finally my thumb, still keeping the rhythm she had set. Anne was pushing against my hand and I was doing all I could not to hurt her. I wanted to push - push hard - I wanted to have my whole hand inside her. I wanted to feel the core of the heat, the passion and the sex. I wanted her.

"I want you to fuck me harder," She said again.

When I removed my hand there was a look of hurt on her face.

"Don't worry," I said quietly, "I'm not going anywhere."

I took hold of the lube tube once again and oiled my left hand well.



I thought it ought to be a fraction smaller. I returned to her very wet, eager pussy and started a slow rhythmic push.

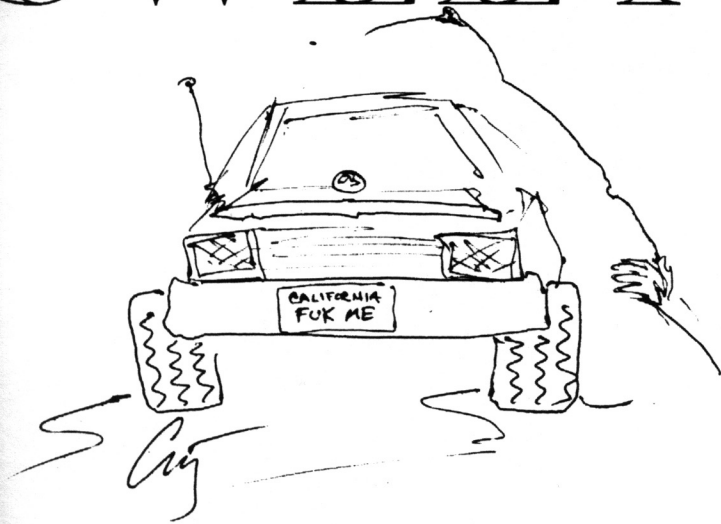
I couldn't believe it, she was widening, she was letting me in. First my fingers, then my thumb and my whole hand just slid in and formed a well-rounded fist inside her. Deeper and deeper I went into her cunt.

She was nearly screaming with pleasure and I with desire. I was sucked up into a cavern of intense pleasure, feeling the pulse of her sex milking my hand. With my other hand I tried to find her clit which was swollen and slippery and screaming for attention. I loved fucking Anne. If only heaven was like this, I thought.

I could feel the climax build in her. The walls of her vagina throbbed on my hand, her clit was hard and her body was preparing for an explosion that I knew would come. I began pumping her slowly, not withdrawing but creating pressure on her entrance, building up to a wonderful crescendo. She moved wildly now, thrusting against my hand. I moved to her tune and when the pain and ecstasy were one, she let go and erupted with a violent thrust, moan and orgasm of a quality she had never experienced before. ✨



SWEET as...



The quintessential symbol for life in California is the automobile. This is true for all of the state save pockets of die-hard San Franciscans. So it was not surprising to find that my friend Honey had carried over her love for rigging and hardware to the backseat of her gas-guzzling '63 Cadillac Seville.

I am, of course, referring to eyebolts and restraints and a small hoist for those smaller prey. Honey did not just drill a few holes and screw a few bolts; she utilized every trick she had learned in years of technical theater work and some design concepts too. Hidden within the nooks and crannies of the leopard covered seat and door panels were hooks of different sizes and release capabilities. On the back dash were small drawers, the kind used to house nails and such, covered with colorful beads, dime-store toys, garbage-found bangles and bobbles. Hanging from the ceiling outlining the rear window were orange dingle-balls, whose real purpose was to cover the holder and tubes for liquid refreshment. The rest of the inside roof was mirrored so that Honey and her victim could see themselves.

Once Honey had her girl "arranged," she could drive for hours until she reached her destination. Once there, Honey needed only push a button for the front seat to move up and switch directions, just like on the commuter trains. With the six-speaker CD groovin' Honey could reach into one of her many hidden drawers and pull out lube and gloves, candles and matches, or needles and scalples to entertain herself and her guest for hours. A small microwave under the seat allowed for the vital caloric intake for such energy expenditures.

Did I mention the cellular phone and laptop computer? Well, that wasn't exactly for Honey's personal preferences; after all, a girl had to do some work while she was on the road.

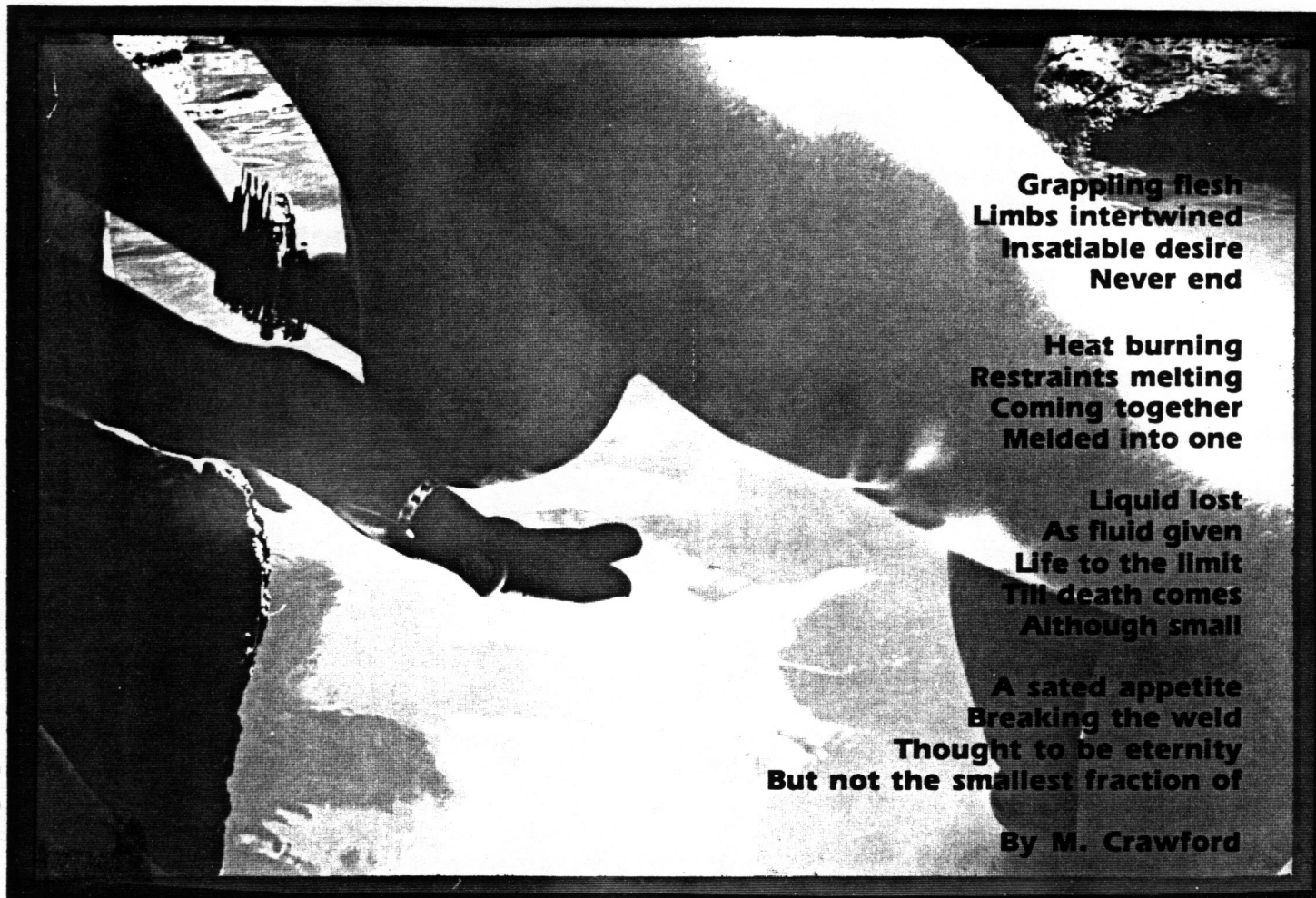
by Debra Miller *

The boy-cop gyrated behind me, grinding her knee between my legs while grabbing for my crotch with her free hand. She was packed. And I? Repulsed. The last thing I wanted was dick. But suddenly.... enlightenment! She may have a cock, but it was a removable one-- and behind that removable cock was an unremovable cunt. I knew I wanted it.

by Terry Sapp



Photograph: K. Hamilton



Grappling flesh
Limbs intertwined
Insatiable desire
Never end

Heat burning
Restraints melting
Coming together
Melded into one

Liquid lost
As fluid given
Life to the limit
Till death comes
Although small

A sated appetite
Breaking the weld
Thought to be eternity
But not the smallest fraction of

By M. Crawford

DYKE PORN EXTRAVAGANZA

Benefit for CULTRIX

SF's NEWEST LESBIAN EROTICA MAGAZINE

TUES. SEPT. 24

CVLTRIX

Fall 1991 Lesbian Erotica Issue #1 \$4



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@ 10 pm

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GO-GO
GIRLS

STRIP BY
SIMONE
PART II

DJ DANCING
BY DOWNTOWN
DONNA

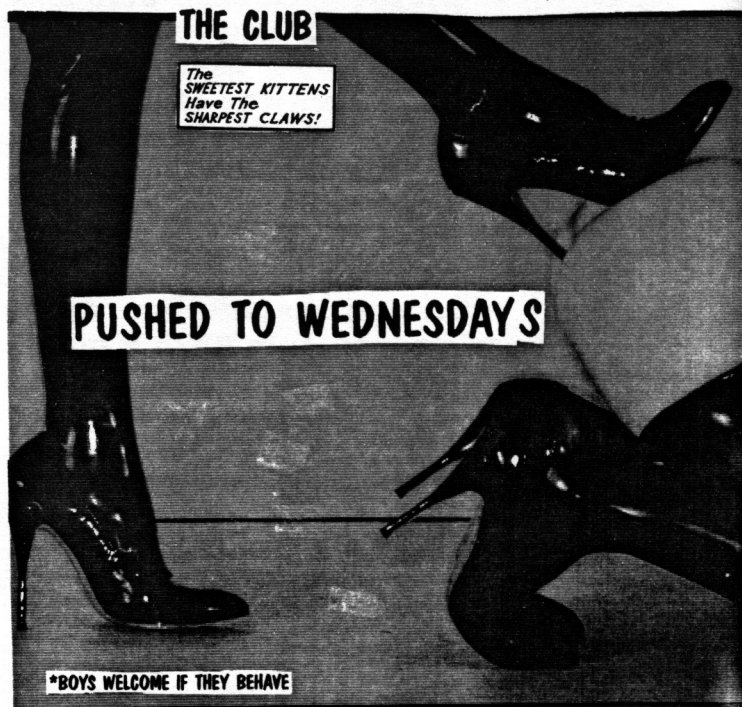
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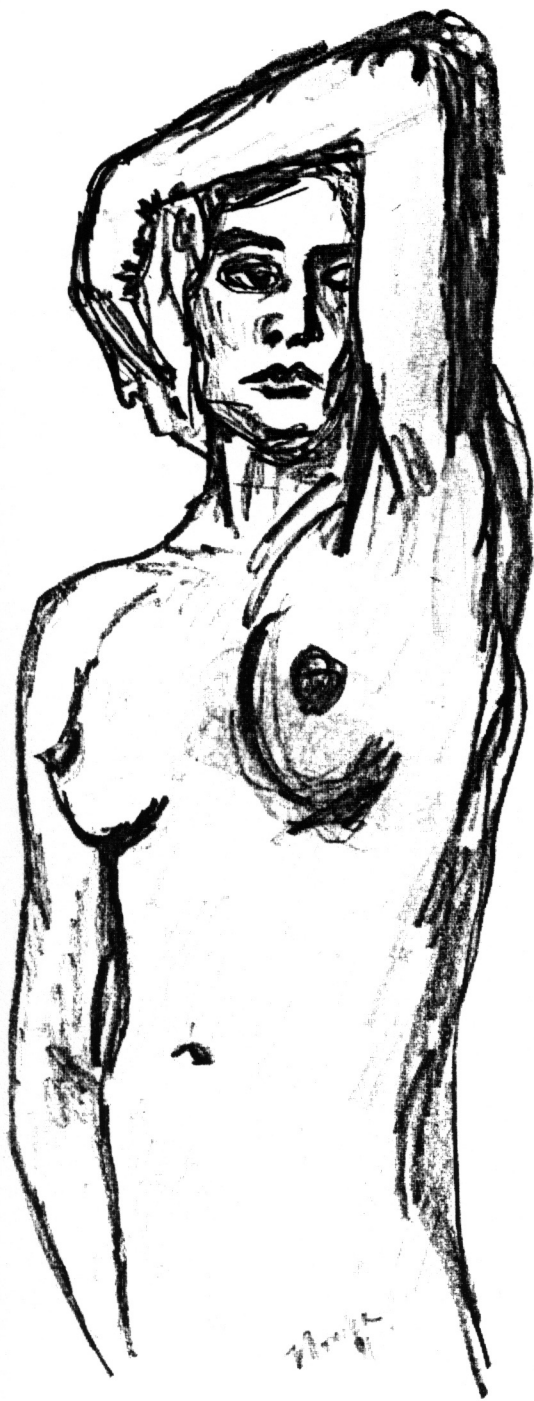
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